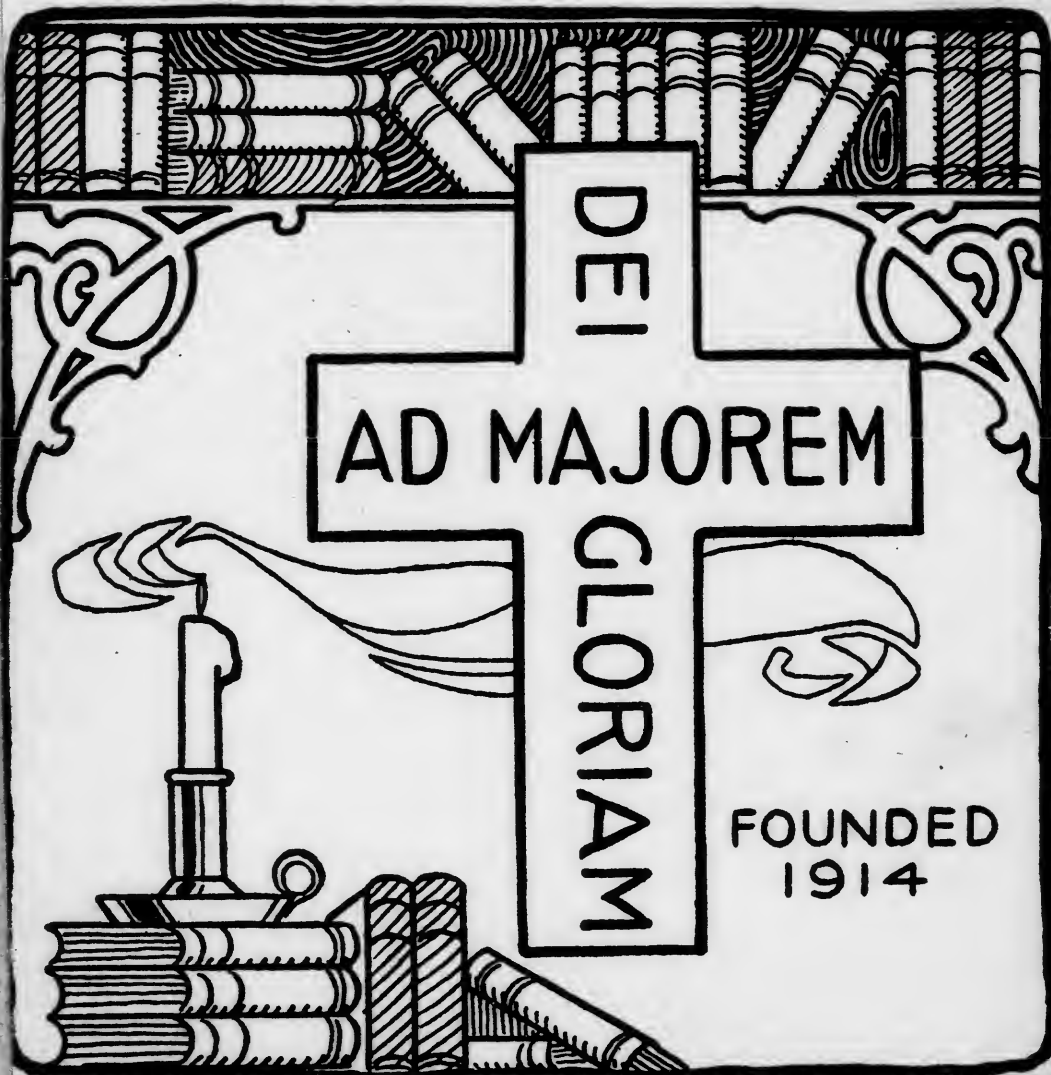


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METHODISM

IN HER

MORNING DRESS;

OR,

REMINISCENCES OF THE WESLEYAN LOCAL PREACHERS IN THE
SCARBRO' CIRCUIT, PREVIOUS TO THE YEAR 1820, &c.

BY JAMES KIRBY,

LATE OF WINTRINGHAM.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."—JESUS
CHRIST.

DRIFFIELD:

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PREFACE.

THE following Reminiscences, I doubt not, were originally designed for the Author's own private use, as a sort of reference to refresh his memory with by-gone days and doings within the circle of his own sphere of labour and travels.

The title "Methodism in her morning dress" is very significant and characteristic, both of the work and the Author. The manuscript was put into my hands by a near relative, who begged me to write a short preface, as I had been intimately acquainted with Mr. JAMES KIRBY for a great many years, and I may add, was under some obligations to him in my early days of Methodism, being a member of the class of which he was the leader,—an office for which he was admirably qualified, from his extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, and peculiar tact in applying them to the spiritual state and experience of his members.

I also beg to state, that I feel a somewhat more than common interest in this little undertaking, as I believe I was his last epistolary correspondent in this world ; and have in my possession a letter which I highly prize, both on account of its christian character and of its being written with his dying hand ; a copy of which I should recommend to be printed at the end of this little work.

In conclusion, I beg to add my humble prayer, that my departed friend's "Methodism in her morning dress" may meet with many living friends, who for the sake of contributing in some small degree to the comfort of the bereaved widow and five small children, will become purchasers of the little volume, as it is intended that the profits, if any, (and that will depend upon the number of copies sold,) shall be given to the widow and fatherless.—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."—PSALM 41.

THOMAS TINDALL.

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REMINISCENCES.

As when the rays of light have all withdrawn,
And night has hung her sable curtains round
The slumb'ring eastern hemisphere,
Till every twink'ling star is quite eclips'd.
A century back—just emblem of the place
Known by the name of Scarbro' circuit.
When Ignorance and Error, brooding sat,
With leaden wings, athwart all intellect,
As it respects the things we call Divine.
But now, my Muse, ascend the lofty hills
Call'd Yorkshire Wolds, and view the landscape
o'er ;
And see the mighty wonders God hath wrought.
A host of heavenly lights, in holy writ
Call'd stars, in mystic jumble move all round ;
Diffusing Gospel light and life to all
The villages that stand on its domain.

Those men of God, like fertilizing showers,
Empty themselves upon the thirsty land,
And no remuneration their demand :
Freely they have received, they freely give.
Like Paul of old, they all procure bread
By dint of labour, at some humble trade ;—
By culture, or by tending bleating sheep.
Six days they labour in their varied spheres,
And then with joy throw down all earthly tools ;
Embrace the bible, and fall on their knees
Before the throne of God—the Mighty God !
Imploring aid for that important work
Awaiting them on welcome sabbath morn.
Behold those zealous men with joy go forth,
Mounted on horse, on pony, or on ass ;
Others on foot, with staff, or umbrella,
With no other appendage, except the
Sword of the spirit, call'd the word of God.
Their varied talents now are all employ'd,—
Sons of thunder, or as the evening mild ;
One, two, or five talents, now are all engaged
In setting forth the fallen state of man ;
The purity of Sinai's holy law,
Tender'd to man by Deity himself,
'Midst rolling thunders and terrific smoke ;

And forked lightnings which made Moses quake.
But their chief theme is Christ, the son of God—
His birth and miracles, and sermons, and
His bitter agonies and fervent prayer ;
His sufferings and ignominious death ;
His bursting from the barriers of the tomb ;
His leading captive sin, and death, and hell ;
His binding satan to his chariot wheels,
Then taking flight to mansions in the skies ;
From thence to shower his blessings from above.
Repentance, they with energy enforce,
And faith unfeigned, which justifies the soul ;
And holiness of heart, and lip, and life.
Anon, pourtray the ghastly monster, death,
The grave, and dooms-day they bring forth to
view ;
That *day of days* when all shall be divulged,
The sinner's sins, and sufferings of the saints :
All meet reward, according to their works.
The joys of heaven by them are not forgot ;
But are set forth according to their ken ;
Defective knowledge, at the best, obtain'd
Through the dark lattice of what is reveal'd
Upon a subject so immensely great,
And never can be told by mortal tongue.

The miseries of hell are pencill'd out,
Drawn from the thunder of the sacred page ;
Which sends forth terror to the careless soul,
And strikes the arrows of conviction deep
Into the hard and unrelenting heart.
Justice and truth, and charity divine,
Are all held forth as copies to mankind,
To be in practice day by day, till death.
The promises are all thrown open to
The feeble, fainting followers of the Lamb ;
That they may drink the living streams of bliss,
And ripen for the heavenly world above.
These are the truths those men of God set forth
In their provincial and their rustic mode ;
Best understood by those plain souls, that hang
With pleasure and with profit on their lips.
As oft as earth, this mighty moving ball,
With torrid and frigid zones alternate,
Salutes its bounds of equilibrium,
So oft those local lights with joy repair
From every out-post to the centre of
Their sphere, where a snug rendezvous obscure —
The seat of smiling hospitality —
Invites, and all a hearty welcome find.*

Mr. Vincent Lovel's, Foulbridge.

The little synod being now composed,
An elder brother, who himself has been
School'd in a college similar to this,
But now moves on the itinerating scale,
With joy and mildness, superintends the whole.
Now every brother undergoes review
Of doctrines taught, and of fidelity ;
Together with the morals of his life :
A plaudit, information, or reproof,
With equal spirit is dispens'd to all
According as their present state requires.
This being done, all gladly lend their aid,
In order to arrange subsequent work :
Sometimes contract, sometimes enlarge their
sphere,
According as their better judgment leads.
All matters being thus adjusted, they
Conclude with praises to Almighty God ;
For all the blessings he on them has pour'd
Since the last time they assembled here.
A solemn prayer, also, is offered up,
To invoke the Almighty spirit's aid ;
All being well convinced that nothing good
Can be done without the presence of God.
Dismission now takes place, and each moves off,

With sparkling eyes, and gladsome heart, new
edged

By being brought in contact with his friend :

All go exulting home, like giants fill'd

With wine, or, like the eastern rising sun ;

To shed new light in the old beaten track.

The spot of ground they occupy is small,

Compared with Yorkshire, their blest native soil ;

But in that little spot great good is done :

Its out-posts here shall stand upon record.

Ayton, Brompton, Eberstone and Lockton,

Rillington, Langton, Thixendale and Thwing,

Northburton, Hunmanby, and Filey, too ;—

These are the boundaries of their little world.

The people nearly all were found upon

The Devil's ground, and in the way to hell :

Their ram's horn sounded in the people's ears ;

The walls of ignorance began to fall ;

Some soon repented, and turned to the Lord.

Christian churches are now found in them all,

With chapels dedicated to the Lord.

All villages, within these bounds, are blest

With privileges they never had before.

Go forth ye men of God, go forth, and shew

Your Saviour's love to all within your reach ;

Regardless of those pigmy, mole-ey'd souls, —
Pigmy indeed ! if not inflated with
That monster envy ! frightfullest of all
The hell-smoked crew that reigns in human
 breasts.

While her fiery eye-balls behold your worth,
The tears of liquid fire run trickling down
Her frigid, lank, and meagre hollow cheeks.
Her canker'd, rusty teeth, with fury gnash,
While the green poison quivers on her lips.
Her rolling tongue she dips in hell, and then
Begins a comment on your useful lives.
While she harangues to those who know you not,
Your graces shrivel, as a parchment scroll
When brought in contact with the raging flame ;
Your talent—cunning, and your motives—pride,
And all about you trash, and puff, and self.
Thus envy, slander, and an evil eye,
Are all in arms to sink you to the shades.
Come forth—come forth ye servants of the Lord,
Wage war with this infernal crew, and live
And preach, and pray, and run them down to
 hell—
Their native, and their everlasting home.
You have no cause to fear ; 't is God protects.

'T is from those schools that he hath raised
Some of the greatest, best, and wisest men,
That ever did his church on earth adorn.
Those have broken through all domestic ties,
And compass'd Albion's Isle on all sides round;
Then ta'en their flight across the watery deep,
To every Province, Continent, and Isle;
To preach the Gospel of the son of God.
These all were fledged in this humble nest.
In it there still remains a goodly brood,
Shelter'd beneath the fostering wings of heaven;
Which, in due time, shall spread their wings of
love,

And fly unto the earth's remotest bound;
Bearing the olive branch of gospel peace,
Till all as trophies unto Christ are given,
And then by angel bands convey'd to heaven.
Thus, the enraptur'd Muse, has ventur'd to
Take a glance at those glorious mysteries
Of Wisdom, Power, of Mercy, Love, and Grace,
Which will be all divulged in due time.
Till then, ye disinterested men of God,
Read, study, meditate, pray, and believe,
That God may shine upon you all your way.
Fly to your posts on wings of burning zeal;

Shrink not at distance, dirt, nor cold, nor rain ;
Spring from the arms of all domestic charms,
Keep up your credit with the hosts above,
And with the church, in which you live and move.
Smile on all little, noisy, forked tongues,
That fain would fret your garments of applause ;
But all in vain—they spend their breath for
nought,

Like little Mufty barking at the moon.
Disdain the fear of man's silly cobwebs—
More fit for flies than Ministers of Christ.
What can you have to fear from mortal man ?
Your salary nor bread they cannot touch ;
Your noble spirits are not call'd to bend,
Nor crouch beneath the ministerial yoke,
In order to procure daily bread.
Your God a honour on you hath conferr'd,
Which to the Priests and Levites was denied ;
A honour unenjoyed by mitred heads,
Or any other of the preaching tribes.
As snow, and rain, and hail, come from the clouds
Without expense to any child of man ;
So does the word of God fall from your lips ;
And like those watery elements it shall
Not fall in vain.—Great good already has

Attended your gratuitous efforts—
Dead souls have felt the quick'ning power of
grace ;—

Mourners have been made happy in the Lord ;—
Ignorant souls made to salvation wise ;—
Backsliders brought again unto the Lord ;—
The hungry multitude are weekly fed
With the true bread of knowledge and of grace ;
And thereby grow, as calves within the stall.

Where religion has not yet taken root,
So as to bring the fruits of Righteousness ;
A partial change your labours have produced
Amongst those men, call'd "Sons of Belial"
In the word of God.—Forty years ago
You could not take your circumambient tours
But have your ears assailed by horrid dins,
Resounding from adjacent fields and lanes ;
Made by those groups of half-stripp'd men at play,
Arrang'd in equal bands, to kick a ball
From side to side, in stamping attitude,
Like bears confined upon a heated hearth :
If a gentle reproof you dared to give,
In return, you received a volley of
Oaths, curses, blasphemies, and all nick-names,
That they and their old father could invent.

In passing through the villages, your ears
Were annoy'd with sounds (not melodious,)
From huts, known by the name of "Village
Inns,"

Designated by hieroglyphic signs
Projecting from the thatched roofs, where all
The votaries of Bacchus met. Old, young,—
All that were jovial blades assembled there
To spend the Sabbath! (Shocking,—shocking
sight!)

In drinking healths, swearing, and telling lies;
Retailing slander, and hacking innocence.
Some reeling to the door, to disembody
The surfeiting contents (just swallow'd down,)
Against the wall. The fair sex passing by,
Were made to blush at such unseemly sights.
Nature's clamour being silenc'd, like the men
Of Sodom, they grope for the door, and by
The aid of door-posts, oven-back, and wall,
They made a shift, to blunder to their seats.
The finishing stroke of these horrid scenes
Sometimes were blows, black-eyes, and broken-
shins.

Homeward they now do steer; some limping,
some

Reeling, others in a ditch ! Gulled of
Their money, and now cursing their hard fate.
The stars look'd angry, and the midnight gloom
Became more gloomy at the mournful sight !
All thanks to God, who sent his light and truth
To shame, and drive those flagrant crimes away.
Those little Inns, in general, now are mute
Throughout the region of your latitude ;
'T is true, the monster sin is yet alive,
But does not lift its ugly head so high
As it was wont to do in darker days.
Another source from whence you met attack,
Was from those sober drolls, that crouched to
Some public nook, to gaze on passengers—
Children, young men, and elders on two sticks ;
Some with posterior stuck against a wall,
With eyes askance, o'erhung with slouching brim,
Began to comment on you as you pass'd.
Your horse was lean, or old, or blind, or lame,
Your saddle or your bridle, or yourself—
Something was wrong, and instantly became
A topic for animadversion — when
Every man brought forth his mite of judgment
Against you, as you modestly rode by.
Sometimes a loud, uncouth “ Amen ” was given

You, as a cheer, and followed by a gust
Of laughter from every extended mouth ;
Quite as melodious as the loudest brays
Made by those *animals that Kish once lost*.

But now you seldom meet with men so rough—
Good breeding, good sense, and good manners too,
Are lifting up their welcome heads through all
Those villages in which you spend your strength.
This is the Lord's doing, and marvellous it is
In all our sight—yet greater shall be done.
Slight has been your annoyance when compared
With the sufferings of those zealous men,
Who first drove the gospel plough-share through
this

Heathen land. Those bore the heat and burden
Of the day—the day of persecution.

They were exposed to heavy blows from mobs,
Fierce as old lions, robbed of their whelps ;—
Headed by a parson, encouraged by

A 'squire, they could have no justice done
By those who fill'd the chair of equity.

Some, in those frays, have lost both hat and wig ;
Others, dragg'd through ponds over head and
ears ;

Plung'd in the mud, till not one single shade

Of any other colour could be seen
Except the teeth. Some into prison hurl'd ;
Others besmear'd with rotten eggs, which whizz'd
On all sides round, while they brought forth to
view

The mysteries of grace and love to man.
Fish heads and guts, brick-bats and stones, have all
Been employ'd by the devil to defend
His tottering kingdom in this favour'd land ;—
But all in vain ;—It must come down, and he,—
Samson like, shall be buried in the fall.

Another mighty change you've lived to see,
As it respects your places of worship :
When you commenc'd your labours for the Lord,
A croft, a lane, a field, a barn, or the
High road was made a temple for the word.
One of your tribe was once co-partner with
The swine ; under the same roof he preached
The gospel to a gazing multitude ;
When every ear seemed attentive to
The welcome tidings of a Saviour's love.
Hovels began to open wide their doors,
To admit the messengers of the word,
When, lo ! a crowd, in crouching attitude,
Rush'd in to hear the word of God. A three-

Footed stool, and a chair of ancient mould,
Composed your pulpit, while your heads were rais'd
Within a hairsbreadth of the second floor.
If your own bible was not just at hand,
These hovels sometimes could accomodate
You with a fragment of that sacred book ;
Its begining and end had ta'en their flight,
With former days ; were lost in shades of night.
But now it may be said : "*What hath God
wrought ?*"

Chapels, in all directions, shew their roofs
Through all your cultivated spheres. You, and
Your congregations now have room to breathe ;
No longer hamper'd in those cottage ovens,
Where you had *heat*, but neither *light nor air*.
Oh ! keep in mind what God hath done for you,
No danger now of girths and stirrups cut,
Nor saddles tumbled into village wells ;
Your horses now are not disfigur'd by
The loss of ornamental tail or mane ;
For this, be thankful to the Lord your God.
But what is better than the best, is this :—
That so many happy souls have reach'd home,
And mingled with the blood-bought blood-wash'd
throng.

Join with those harpers in the song of love,
To him who rais'd them to the throne above.
These (no doubt) will be sent to guide you home,
If faithful unto death you still remain ;
And be as stars, for ever in your crown.
The worth of one soul,—Oh! what tongue can
tell ?

None—but that God who bought it with his
blood !

O let its worth press hard upon your minds ;
Best spur to quicken those at slumbering speed,
And are already nodding o'er their charge.
O let your zeal for God keep pace with life,
So shall you "*cease at once to work and live ;*"
Till then, O let your daily mottoe be :—
" Preach the word," In or out of season preach ;
Preach Jesus only, and him crucified.
Sometimes you are weary *in* your great work,
But never weary *of* the work itself.
Three times a day you sometimes speak for God,
Three different places distant from each other ;
Sometimes the last is distant from your home.
When all is done, you shelter with a friend
To cool yourself, and take some plain support ;
And to rehearse the pleasures of the day.

When this is done, the family rallies round
The stated altar of the house, to thank
The God of glory for *all* mercies past.
You now begin to think of happy home :
The last sound that falls on your ear, is—
The twanking bolt, that shuts you in the dark ;
Sometimes so dark you cannot see your hand ;
Yet all is light within, and angels guard
You safely to your humble, welcome, home.
How different those who leave their Bacchus
 haunts ;

How they go reeling home with empty purse !
Every thing that moves fills them full of fear ;
They think the devil now is at their heels,
Ready to take their guilty souls to hell !
How true,—“The way of transgressors is hard.”
Some of you are blessed with lovely wives,
Who now are longing, listening to hear
Your distant footsteps, or the moving gates,
As darkness prevents all use of vision.
Anon their joy arrives at full climax—
You drop into their arms, and are replaced
In the easy chair, by your own fireside.
The subjects of the day now undergo review ;
When this is done, the good man drops upon

His knees, and offers a laconic prayer,
That God may bless the labours of the day.
Then he commits himself and family
Into the hand of Triune Deity;—
Retires to rest upon his humble bed,
And proves the rest from labour to be sweet.
On Monday morn you go into the world—
When Moses left the mount his face did shine:
And so do yours, both in the sight of God,
And in the sight of all the wise and good.
You never grumble at your appointments;
Your work is plann'd according to your will;
And thus with pleasure you perform the whole.
Compulsion is a thing to you unknown;
Liberty is your glory and your song.
Once a despotic man stood at your helm,
Call'd in your church a "Superintendent,"
Who shook an iron rod before your eyes;
He took the whole concern into his hands,
Printed a plan without consulting you,
Accompanied with a mandate, much akin
To that which christians call a "*Popish Bull!*"
Whose horns said "do it, or depart from us!"
What did you do? You acted like wise men.
His printed plan you cast into the shade—

A meeting soon you did convene, and made
A plan for labour six months yet to come ;
Which brought the man for once to his right
mind.

You have your friends as well as enemies—
Friends unto God, and friends unto the truth.
As Aaron and Hur held up Moses' hands
While Israel routed Amalek, their foe ;
So do these friends hold up your feeble hands
By faithful, humble, fervent prayer to God,
That he may bless you in your ministry ;
That he may bless you in your families ;
That he may bless you in your week-day work ;
That you may long live, and get, and do much
good.

That although diminutive in magnitude,
As well as fixed in contracted spheres,
Your little light may all shine out, and blend
With those luminous rays which emanate
From stars of the first order in the church ;
That mental darkness may be chased away,
And all the world be fill'd with Gospel day ;
That Jesus Christ may reign from pole to pole,
Till time's old wheels for ever cease to roll.

LINES

ON ECCLESIASTES, CHAP. XII, 1—7.

Offspring of Adam, hear thy Creator's voice,
Which calls thee to remember him in youth;
Before that dark and dismal night arrives,
When neither sun, nor light, nor moon, nor stars
Shall cast one ray across thy darken'd mind.
Left to be toss'd upon reflection's flood,
And thrown amongst those evil days and years,
The only refuge for those old in sin.
Those active hands, employ'd to keep the house,
With vigour, now stretch out to God in prayer.
Those strong men bow before Jehovah's throne,
Before they bow beneath the weight of years,
And totter to the gloomy, gaping grave.
Those sparkling eyes that move in floods of life,—
(The windows of the body and the mind);
Instantly fix upon the sacred page,
And read and learn the lessons of the sky,
Before the curtains of old age be drawn,
And darkness be the order of the day.
Let not the daughters of sweet melody

Lie dormant in the morning of thy life.
Let all unite in sacred harmony,
And bursts of praise be offered to the Lord,
Before the ruthless hand of time destroys
Those golden strings, the workmanship of heaven.
Put not repentance off till dense clouds
Of gloomy fears, like hollow winds, do roar,
And incommode the silver branches of
The flourishing, yet shaking, almond tree.
Let thy creator dwell within thy heart
While it retaineth wings of strong desire ;
Nor suffer it to grovel here below,
Till all its plumage be pluck'd off by sin,
So thou thyself become a vassal, to
The din and motion of the grasshopper.
Let thy creator have the unblown rose
Of all that's great, and grand, and good in youth.
Before the silver cord begin to fail,
Or the pitcher be marr'd at fountain head ;
The golden bowl be thrown from reason's hand ;
Then, superannuate, thou die a fool.
So shall thy frame return to dust, and rot
In the cold grave, the rendezvous for bones ;
Thy spirit fly to God, the mighty judge,
There to receive its everlasting doom.

AN ODE ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

ENOCH of old, foresaw the awful day
When this terrestrial globe in flames shall melt
away ;

When sun, and moon, and all the solar host,
Down from their lofty orbits shall be cast :
On that dread day the slumbering dead shall rise,
And see their judge descending from the skies,
High seated on a throne of spotless white,
More brilliant than the sun's meridian light ;
While angel bands in circling order fly
Within the reach of every gazing eye.

The rising saints shall quickly take their flight
To meet their Lord, who'll place them on the right,
While trumpets loud shall shake the reeling earth,
And bring to view the spoils of hell and death !
Then all shall stand before the judgment seat,
And hear from thence their everlasting fate.
Both sinners, and the rest who did rebel,

Shall then be cast into a yawning hell !
Hark, how they yell ! to hear their instant doom ;
Depart ye cursed, and from my face begone :
Down—down—they're hurl'd, by mighty ven-
geance driven,
While all the blood-wash'd throng with shouts
ascend to Heaven !

THOUGHTS ON TIME.

TIME—time—Oh ! who can tell the worth of time ?
What is time ? 't is a link which uniteth
Two eternities—a splinter or shred
Of eternity, broken off at both ends ;
A narrow neck of land, 'twixt two oceans,—
Boundless oceans, without bottom or shore.
Time is a candle, put into our hands ;
Whether we work or not, this candle burns ;
Awful will be the state of triflers,
When time has ta'en its everlasting flight,
And the great work of Regeneration

Unbegun. Thirty thousand pounds in vain
Would be offered to purchase one short hour.
Time cannot be allured by gifts ;
Time has no ears, although you cry aloud ;
Time, when gone by, has no eyes to look back ;
Time has no heart to feel, nor sympathize ;
Time is nonentity when passed by ;
Therefore, sieze hold of time by the forelock.
Time, in possession, who the worth can tell ?
'T is of more value than the finest gold :
Time is eternity when well improved ;
Time well improved brings heaven to the soul ;
And time improved will bring the soul to heaven.
Therefore, attend to heaven's mandate, and
Redeem the time, because you have much to do ;
Redeem the time, because you have wasted much ;
Redeem the time, to pray and meditate ;
Redeem the time, to hear and read God's word ;
Redeem the time, to search your wicked heart.
Snatch all you can from worldly cank'ring care ;
Snatch all you can from chit-chat's empty sound ;
Snatch all you can from unessential sleep,
Which is fill'd up with all the dregs of dreams.
Do not destroy the present moments by
Extracting sorrow from the time to come.

Redeem the time, to repent of your sins ;
Redeem the time, to fix your faith on Christ ;
Redeem the time, to wash your guilty souls
In the fountain of Jesu's precious blood :
Redeem the time, to know and do his will ;
Redeem the time, to ripen for the skies.
He that redeemeth time, will want no more
Than is allotted to him by the Lord.
He that redeemeth time, will smile in death ;
He that redeemeth time, shall wear a crown ;
He that redeemeth time, shall reign in heaven,
And sing a song long as eternity.
Time not redeem'd, is misery on earth ;
Time not redeem'd, will make us shrink from
 death ;
Time not redeem'd, will make us die like fools ;
Time not redeem'd, will sink our souls to hell.
Therefore, whate'er is done or undone
Besides, take care that you REDEEM THE TIME.



THE FALLEN GUIDE-POST.

AN ALLEGORY.

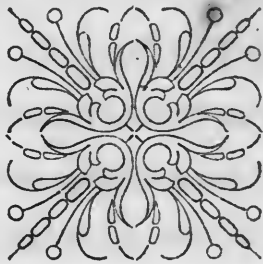
A guide-post, that had stood for thirty years,
Caused many travellers to drop their fears,
Their strength renew'd to walk the public road,
Which leads from danger to a safe abode.
This post was somewhat higher from the ground
Than those within the neighbourhood around ;
Its arms extended to a greater length,—
With larger letters, and of greater strength.
It happen'd on a very fatal day,
A foe to all that travell'd on that way,
Broke down this guide-post in a mighty rage,
And threw 't into a ditch behind the hedge.
For years it laid neglected and forlorn,
Till nettles all around the place were grown ;
Nought could be seen but arms projecting high,
The rest in deep obscurity did lie.

The minor guide-posts in the neighbourhood
Had long felt envy rankle in their blood,
At its superior arms and lofty head,
And that more than themselves it should be read.
But now a silent pleasure moved within,
Which made them think themselves of more
esteem ;

Though, in reality, they were the same,
And never could deserve a higher name.
Neglected thus, and left to die and rot,
The broken guide-post was almost forgot ;
But, lo ! a guide-post from another shire
Thought it was wrong to throw it to the fire ;
Like the Samaritan, he cast an eye,
And saw the broken post in ruin lie.
He now began to exercise his strength,
And trode the nettles down at their full length ;
Reared the post erect upon the ground ;
While many passengers stood gazing round.
All were alert to see th' amazing sight,
And wonder'd that it still remain'd so bright—
The letters clear, the arms were strong and sound,
And nothing wrong, *but broken by the ground.*
They now enjoy'd a temporary glance,
March'd on their way, and left the post to chance.

Since then some kind and gen'rous-hearted friend
Has rear'd it up, and held it in his arms ;
While recollection told its former worth,
And pity wept at its untimely death.
A consultation 'mongst the posts was held,
To take the post out of the lonely field,
And try to place it in a proper spot,
To be of use, although in stature short.
Some pigmy posts, not free from native sap,
(With language rude, and letters badly wrote)
Thought it was best to let it lie and rot ;—
Could not accede to this kind scheme at all,
To rear a post that had so great a fall.
The final issue of this long debate
Was, that this post they could not now admit,
As they themselves had stood so very firm ;
To stick up such a scare-crow would do harm ;
Expose all guide-posts unto sheer disgrace,
And fix a blot upon the *pointing race*.
The broken guide-post now is left to rot
Amongst the rubbish in its native spot ;
Unless compassion—more than brothers have—
Be shown by those who have the power to save.
A many travellers would rejoice to see
The post erect, and spreading like a tree ;

But as they have not in that region power,
They cease to talk, and give the struggle o'er.
The rotting post, now reconciled to fate,
Submits to all the vengeance of their hate;
Laments its own misfortune and disgrace,
Prays hard that none may come into its place.
Where torture 's felt no human tongue can tell,
Nor paint correctly, save a soul from hell.



REMINISCENCES

OF MY

GODMOTHER AND HER FAMILY.

Can anything good come out of Wintringham?

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."—
JESUS CHRIST.

My Godmother's maiden name was Elizabeth Louney. After her marriage she was called Betty Wilson; "mistress" being a title seldom given in those days. About a century back she and her husband came to live at what was then called Wintringham Low Mill, their progeny—three sons and two daughters; four of whom died young, and all died happy. Joseph only was left, as they thought, to be a comfort to them in old age. When they began the world they were not af-

fluent, but good workers; they would have done well if John had been steady, but he was what they then called "a meddlesome man." When he got into company and swallowed an extra glass, which he often did, he would not bear an insult; he was very active, both with his hands and feet; whoever came in contact with him were sure to go away with black eyes or broken shins. He had some of Nimrod's blood in him—he was a "mighty hunter!" The favourite animal on which he rode was well fed, while the other poor horses that carried the flour to the Yorkshire Wolds, (there were no carts in those days), were like Pharaoh's lean kine.

It was about this time that my godfather, Richard Harrison, introduced those ministers of Jesus Christ, sent out by Mr. WESLEY. They were men of God:—Hunter, Peacock, Roads, *Rhodes*, *a* ~~Hatmoor~~, and others; and the Lord was with them. Godmother went to hear them, and the word reached her heart;—she went home under a sense of the want of a saviour. She now began to attend the house of God at all opportunities. The place of worship was some distance from the mill. John did not like to have it known

Atmore

that his wife went amongst those poor despised methodists, as he was in the habit of scouring the mountains with the Parson, the 'Squire, and other gentlemen.

If this were suffered to go on he should be laughed to scorn. He now began to devise means to break the neck of this new religion, but all in vain,—go she would. He then began to use rough means, many a night he has turned her out of doors half-naked: she has been heard to say, “these were some of the happiest nights she ever enjoyed upon earth.” One night she took up her abode under some large elms, and when she awoke the birds were just beginning their matins; she joined with them, and began to sing

“Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.”

John was now at his wits end. What to do to prevent her from going amongst those poor despised people he could not tell. At last the devil put it into his head to heat the oven in order to burn out this new religion; he made the oven very hot, then, like a lion, he seized her in his fangs, dragged her to its mouth, and interrogated her.

in the following language, "d—n you, you b—h, will you yield? Do—do—do." The answer was, "*No!* by the grace of God I will *not!*" He then threw her to the other side of the room, the catch of the door projecting from the door, penetrated her arm, when she fell insensible upon the floor: her face was scorched, and her eyebrows burned, but all to no purpose, she would not yield. Poor John was silenced for the present, but he felt as a bear would do on a hot hearth.

It was about this time that their eldest son died—he was a favourite; when on his death-bed he begged of his father to be kind to his mother, and give over hunting. For a short time he acceded to his son's request; but anon, the devil conquered.

One morning he saddled his hunter and began to prepare for his former pleasures; his wife put him in mind of the promise he had made to his son; he gave her a look which convinced her that he was full of the devil, and off he went. When he was gone to his sport, godmother went down on her knees, and spent the day in fervent, faithful, and effectual prayer, that the Lord would spoil his

sport, and stop his mad career. When he came home he opened the stable door, turned in his hunter, struck her with his whip, and swore that he would hunt no more.

After this he was a little calmer, but the devil kept his throne. Godmother continued "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Poor John, under satanic influence, came to this resolution, that at the next meeting he would go and smash all the windows and doors of their little place of worship.—This he was never permitted to do.

In those days there were no local preachers. It was a rare thing to find a man that could read a chapter in public, or give an exhortation. It so happened that there was a methodist of the first school, at Sherburn, about six miles distant, his name was *Willy Watson* (no "misters" in those days); he was a plain, active, zealous, useful, holy man. In the way of business he was known to John. The good people of Wintringham gave him an invitation to spend a sabbath with them. Among the rest John went to hear him. This plain, simple man, by the blessing of God, brought Goliath to the

ground. He went home with the arrows of deep conviction stuck fast in his heart. For some time he was confined to his bed; what he suffered was known to none but the Lord and himself.

That Jesus, who delighteth in mercy, heard his cry, forgave his sins, and converted his soul. Godmother was overjoyed to see the lion turned into a lamb—it was like being wedded a second time. They now began life on a new scale; the book of God came out of prison, a family altar was erected, the voice of melody echoed in all directions—the language of hell was no more heard.

They now went hand in hand to the house of God. They were both good singers, and every one knows that good singing is like bells, which draw many to the house of God. They both took an active part in the prayer meetings, and were made a blessing to those within the society, and to those without.

Grace made their souls prosper, but providence did not smile upon their circumstances. John was an enterprising man, and adopted all lawful means within his reach to pay his way and meet his wants, but all would not do.

Their eldest son was dead, and their second son, and two lovely daughters, were in a short time taken away by consumption. These all died rejoicing in the Lord, and "passed through death triumphant home."

Job's losses began with cattle, with them it was not so, the Lord first took their children and *then* their cattle. Sometimes a *cow*, then a *horse*, then a *pig*. Amidst *all*, they kept reading, praying, believing, doubting, working, hoping, and sometimes rejoicing. They had read the promise—"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Once when poor John was under a dark cloud, he was tempted to think that this could not be true, though found in the bible. For some time they had not been able to pay their rent; it was easy to see they could not go on long. The landlord came and took what was left, and of course, they were forced to leave the mill.

In 1789 or 1790, these things came to pass. A bed and some old lumber were the only things left. A cart was borrowed; and when loaded, they set off to the village. Threepence was all they had in the world; when they got to

the village, they did not know whether anybody would take them in or not. The description and promise recorded JER. xxx, 70, portrayed their state: "*Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it: it is even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it.*" When they arrived at the village, Joseph Birtch, a kind-hearted little farmer, opened his door, and took in both them and their lumber until a house could be procured. After some time the shell of a cottage was met with; the interior was fitted up with their own hands, their lumber was washed, brightened, and adjusted in such style as to make the house a little paradise. They, with their son Joseph, now being nested, reared an altar for family prayer; and all betook themselves to work at anything they could find to do.

John fell in to mow grass at the hall: at the dinner hour, he withdrew from the others; his dinner not being equal to theirs, he did not wish to have it seen—it was dry bread. He went to a brook, dipped his bread into the water, prayed for a blessing upon it, and then enjoyed his meal: the remaining part of the hour was spent in prayer. He has often been heard to say that

“there was not a man amongst them who did his work with more ease than himself.”

For a short time their path was smooth, and the sun of prosperity shone upon them. The Lord blessed them with health and plenty of work, and they began to pay their debts, and get needful things.

In 1792, Joseph (he was not religious) unfortunately got into a company of ragamuffins—got drunk, and in that state was enlisted as a soldier. He was a goodly young man, and it being war-time, it was not in their power to liberate him—he was soon sent to the Cape of Good Hope. This painful circumstance gave them a mighty shake; all their former troubles diminished into nonentity. Joseph, their only remaining son, the hope of their old age—Joseph, their sprightly, affectionate son gone into the field of battle, perhaps to have his head taken off by a cannon ball or the sword! This carried them to the climax of indescribable sorrow. The throne of grace was their only refuge; here they poured out prayers and tears in abundance,—and not in vain; the Lord heard their prayer, and gave them supporting grace.

John now began to wade into the regions of Geography, to find out this Cape of Good Hope ; by doing this, he became more acquainted with the globe than he otherwise would have been. Joseph had not been long at the Cape of Good Hope before news came that he was dead. They had already given him entirely into the hands of the Lord ; and as he was not cut off in the field of battle, but that the Lord had taken him, they came to this wise conclusion,—“Thy will be done.”

In 1794, their minds were raised to a happy condition. They were both at a lovefeast, held at East Heslerton, when a revival broke out ; they both received a fresh baptism, and came home full of fire and the Holy Ghost. The next night John went through the village,—something like Jonah, saying—“a prayer-meeting at our house to-night !” The house was soon crammed ;—amongst the rest the writer went, as it was a new thing in the earth. That Jesus who met Saul of Tarsus, met *him*, and opened his eyes, and softened his hard heart, and gave him such views of religion as he never had before. His distress did not originate so much in the fear of hell

as his being destitute of the favour of God, and the enjoyment of religion. Richard Harrison being the leader of the meeting, he went and asked him to pray for him : the good man thought that his god-son was jesting ; this went to his heart like a dagger, and brought him on his knees, with his face to the ground. This had a wonderful effect upon all present ; in a moment a general shaking among the dry bones commenced, especially amongst the young of both sexes. The old members were thunder-struck, and were ready to doubt their own conversion. For a time there was only one cry, and that was for mercy ; anon it was mixed with variety—some singing, some praying, some mourning, others rejoicing ; it was daylight before the meeting broke up.

They went home under different impressions : some with hearts full of peace, and joy, and love ; others with broken hearts and weeping eyes ; some with amazement, wondering what all this meant, and what it would come to. For some time meetings were held every night, either in house or barn, and the arm of the Lord was made bare, and much good was done. Godmother

was now looked upon as a mother in Israel ; the young females flocked round her like chickens about the hen, accompanying her to lovefeasts, singing as they went through the villages, and sometimes holding prayer-meetings on the mountains on the road. These were blessed days, and cannot be forgotten by the few who are still left in this vale of tears.

For many years after, the anniversary of John Wilson's prayer-meeting was kept; when the following hymn was sung—

“Lo! here we meet again,
Thy goodness to repeat;
And to renew our strength again,
And worship at thy feet.

“O Lord! Thine arm make bare,
Begin this very hour;
And give us all a heart for prayer,
To never grieve Thee more.

“We do remember well
When first Thou met'st us here,
When we were wallowing in sin,
And strangers unto prayer.”

“ O ! may we ne’er forget
That happy happy night,
When prodigals to Thee return’d,
- And rocky hearts did meet.

“ A night of Pent^hcost
To us it was indeed,
Conviction prick’d us to the heart,
And we cried out aloud.

“ At length Thou heard’st our cry,
And mercy came with speed,
For Jesus died that we might live,
He suffer’d in our stead.

“ Lord ! hear our prayer this night,
Revive thy work again ;
For Thou art now as Thou wast then,
And evermore the same.”

For some time after this they went on their way rejoicing ; the sun of prosperity shone upon their path, they were people of all work, and never wanted. John did his day’s work, then took supper, and read his bible until bed time ; when all fell on their knees at the family altar. In his old age he read the bible through more than once. His library was small, containing only

the Bible, Hymn Book, Milton's "Paradise Lost," and some old Magazines. In this humble, happy way, they went on for some time. Anon it pleased God to send another blessing in disguise. When he was about seventy years of age he was deprived of eyesight: his old master, the devil, now gave him a broadsider; a tremendous volley of fiery darts fell upon him:—poverty, want, and the workhouse, all stared him in the face with extended jaws. While he looked at these frightful objects, like Peter, he began to sink. He then turned his eyes to the Lord Jesus Christ, and adopted his former plan, which was—"Trust in the Lord at all times; ye people, pour out your hearts before Him: God is a refuge for us." Fervent prayer, and mighty faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and the holy promises, set him again upon his legs.

About this time listing shoes came into vogue; godmother took up the trade, she was very quick at learning, and did well, so that they could still meet their wants and pay their way. John, having again found his level, could rejoice and say "Thy will be done."

They had a relation at Wharram, (Mr. W.

Marshall) ; he and his family were well-disposed, and very kind to all who entered their dwelling. John would frequently go and stay with them a short time : before he went, godmother and he fixed on a certain hour in the day to spend in private before the Lord, so that while absent in body, their souls might meet at the throne of grace.

In 1807, it pleased the all-wise God to take away the desire of his eyes at a stroke. One Saturday she was taken very ill, reason and speech at once took their flight ; she continued to suffer until Sunday night, when she put off mortality, and went to Paradise. When he heard the whisper that “ Betty was gone,” he was like old Nabal, these being his words—“ My heart was like a stone.” By and by, the powers of mind returned ; then he saw and felt the situation in which he was placed—a poor, blind old man, without wife, son, or daughter.

For some days the billows went over him, until he again got a sight of the star of Bethlehem, and was led to the Saviour, where he exchanged his sorrows for joys ; and by faith, saw all his family in heaven. He could now sing

Job's *Te Deum*, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

By request, the writer preached a sermon on the occasion from the following words—"*These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*" The congregation was such as he had seldom seen; some were present who had never been before.

Godmother was not one of those starched, straight-laced, long-faced, canting, whining professors of religion; nor was she an angel—no!—she was human, subject to temptation; had her weaknesses, and short comings, and constantly had to confess—

"Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death."

She was blessed with a noble, generous mind. In passing through life she suffered much, and enjoyed not a little. She has now been forty years in paradise.

We will now accompany John through his last stage in this "vale of tears." A little be-

fore this time a relation left them a small legacy, a niece kept his house and made him comfortable ; he was well respected in the village, so that a weekly circuit was struck out for him ; six days in the week he took dinner and tea with his friends ; with the aid of his stick, and little boys and girls, he found his way to their houses. The prayer meetings he seldom missed, then steered home in the dark, with no other guide but his stick. He was a great friend to the missionary cause, and gave more than many did that were in better circumstances. The monthly prayer meetings for missionaries to the heathen, he delighted in, and always took an active part in prayer ; one part was—"that he might be favoured with an easy death," and the Lord granted him his request.

In lovefeasts he was made a great blessing ; he was like Moses smiting the rock ; tears in abundance began to flow ;—he would say "I have been a rough stone,—the Lord has had a deal to do with me to bring me to himself ;—He first took away my children, then my cattle, then my eyes, and last of all my dear wife ! I am now left to grope in the dark, as it respects my bodily

eyes ; but blessed be His holy name, he has opened my spiritual eyes, to see his smiling face, and also to *know* that all the troubles that have come upon me, have been for my present, and, if I am faithful, will be for my everlasting welfare."

As age came on his active graces became more stationary, and the passive graces more vigorous: faith, patience, humility, meekness, contentment, holiness, and love.—These, like Levi's rod, "budded, blossomed, and yielded almonds." He rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in every thing gave thanks. "He brought forth fruit in old age!" His path was smooth, his sky clear, his sun went down serene and bright. A few days previous to his death he was unable to take his diurnal rambles, but could get up and down stairs. The night before he died it was agreed that on the morrow a bed should be made down stairs. The next morning he took his breakfast as usual, and was left till the hour of rising; before that hour came, W. Creaser, a local preacher, paid him a visit, and found when at the bed side, death portrayed on his face—the wheels of life were poisoning themselves

to rest—speech was gone. A few friends just arrived to see him breathe his soul into the hands of his Saviour and his God, which he soon did, without a sigh or groan.

“Like a shadow thrown
Softly and gently from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him while he lay
Upon his bed,”

January 12th, 1818, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. The writer, in accordance with a request made some time previous, preached a sermon from the following words, recorded in PSALMS 92—“*The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree, he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing.*” The congregation was very large, and some parts of the sermon stand on record in the memories of some that are still living.

On a review of the life and experience of John Wilson we see Providence wisely displayed in his behalf;—that God who saw prosperity was not good for him, never let him want.

Mr. Robert Topham, who lived at Rook Dale, in the vicinity—a friend to the cause of God, and the poor, had a friend in London; they, by their united efforts, got him the benefit of a fund for the blind, which was the annual sum of ten pounds. What was rather wonderful, the last came to hand the very day he went home.

Biography, like the preceding, should not be carelessly cast into oblivion ; what is more pleasing to the wise and the good, than reading biography? especially when it is truth, and nothing but truth.

The writer has not had to ramble from the Land's End to John O'Groat's house, in search of documents, no—his own ears and eyes have helped him to what is here recorded. He has sat for hours to hear them tell of former days, sometimes being inclined to laugh, and sometimes to weep. He is the only one living that can record what is here written : an attempt has been made in another quarter, which is any thing but correct. The writer is led to think, to neglect giving this to the world will not plant roses in his dying pillow, and that is what he wishes to do, so far as it is in his power. These things

are not recorded because the actors of them were more wise, more holy, or more useful than other saints; the leading feature in this narrative is, what they passed through betwixt the cradle and the grave; how they were supported by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and safely conducted to that world where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

In all ages tribulation, less or more, has been the portion of the people of God:—Jacob, Joseph, David, Jeremiah, St. Paul, and millions more have been favoured with this legacy, and are now crowned with glory, honour, and peace. Some may object to the antiquity of things here narrated; but by this mode of reasoning, many things, many good things may be cast into oblivion—with some, the word of God would share the same fate; therefore take care what you do.

If this simple, truthful record, should be made a blessing to any poor suffering soul, (and there are many in the world) the prayers of the writer will be answered, and the Lord Jesus will be glorified.—AMEN.

A NINE DAYS' WONDER,

OR, "SOMETHING NEW IN METHODISM."

Sometimes the saddles and bridles of the early local preachers were of a very humble cast; the animals on which they rode never having been meant for the chase: no wonder then at their being laughed at by the sons of sport. In 1799, some of the local brethren got into disgrace on the opposite side. Two of them had appointments at the extremity of their sphere, and it so happened that no animal, either horse or ass, could be met with in the village.—What was to be done? If they went on foot they would not be able to begin work on Monday morning.—They loved their master, and they loved his work, and they loved the people: they could not think of doing what has been done many times since, that is, to stay quietly at home;—no, the poor people had been praying for them, and were looking for

them; they had no other preachers that cared much about their souls but those poor lads with their barley loaves and small fishes.

Early one sabbath morning one of them went four miles to try to get horses from a gentleman who kept them for hire; the good man demurred—he did not know much about “Methody parsons;” he had not heard them preach—he had never heard any thing good of them:—if he let them have horses they might hunger them, or they might over-ride them, and therefore he could not comply; it is true that he wanted to make all he could of his horses; he therefore offered to send a chaise and a man to drive; to take them out and bring them safely home again: as both the places lay nearly in one direction, the proposal was accepted. By eight o'clock the chaise entered the humble village where they lived; it was not every day that a chaise was seen by the inhabitants. Men, women, and children rushed to the doors and windows to see this wonderful sight—excitement and inquiry were the order of the moment. It was soon ascertained that the chaise was to take J. & B. K——, to the places where they had to

preach. In the name of the Lord they set off, and when they arrived at the first place the good people were thunder-struck. Instead of a plain man, upon a plain horse, behold! a chaise came rumbling to the door. Before service commenced the matter had to be explained, when that was done, all was made right. A good man, Mr. Oxtoby, of Wold Newton, would gladly have given them money to pay for the chaise, but it was not accepted. In the next place the same process had to be repeated. Mr. Wharram, of North Burton, was so pleased to see and hear them, that he would have paid all the expense, but they did not choose to take it. They had a good day, the people were thankful that they were not neglected. The driver thanked them for the kindness they showed to him; he had never heard two sermons in one day before, and he had been looked upon as he never was before.

When they got home it was like going into a nest of hornets; almost all the village was up in arms against them. They went to hear that good man, the Rev. John King; he saw their conduct in the light that others saw it in; of course, in his sermon he gave them a broadsider. They

were condemned by the world, and by their brethren, and by their minister. No refuge left but God and conscience. The cry was—"what will things come to? bonny deed now, when tailors and cobblers go out to preach in a chaise!" After nine days animadversion, the subject went to rest, like all other wonders.

Some years after, one of these preachers had an appointment at Filey; when he came down from the pulpit, he was met by a respectable lady, who thanked the Lord that she ever heard him preach, for it was by hearing him that she was brought to know the Lord, and to feel his pardoning love. The preacher asked her when and where she heard him preach, she said at such a time I heard you preach, at North Burton, from PROVERBS xxx—12, "*There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness.*" It proved to have taken place on that very Sabbath when they rode in the chaise to preach Jesus Christ to poor lost sinners.

COPY OF A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO MR. THOS: TINDALL, DRIFFIELD,
SHORTLY PREVIOUS TO THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

My dear Friend,

It is more than six weeks since I have been able to take hold of a pen ; in that time I thought if ever I were again able, the first letter I wrote should be to you. The Lord has had me in the furnace of affliction, where I have learned lessons that I hope will never be forgotten.

In the former part of my affliction I was wonderfully supported by the grace of my Saviour. All the sermons I have delivered passed through my mind just as I preached them ; if I had to preach them again, (which I should be glad to do if it be the will of my God,) the only difference would be, fewer words and more fire. Our Lord's

words often pass through my mind, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." In my humble opinion there are many precious fragments ungathered, that never will be, unless the Lord help me to do it: whether he will spare me a little longer or not I do not know; if he see, that snatching these fragments from oblivion will do good to any poor soul, he will do it; if otherwise, his will be done.

I thank you and brother B——, for the little present; it has done me good; if a cup of cold water be not forgotten, your favour will meet a reward. It is now some days since I began this letter, I continue very weak, the season of the year and my age both militate against my convalescence; but all things are possible to that God whose I am, and whom I serve. I sometimes think my poor body needs more support than my circumstances will admit, but the Lord knows best what is good for me, I do not murmur,—no, it is my daily prayer that I may live and die saying—"Thy will be done" *to me, in me, and by me.* Once I thought I should have a little to support old age, but the Lord saw otherwise; instead of that, he has given me five children,

for which I thank him ; they are the only heritage that I am to have.

It has been my aim through life to glorify God in my body, and in my spirit, which are his. I have gone thousands of miles, preached thousands of sermons, and sacrificed scores of pounds for the good of souls and the glory of God,—what of that?—nothing! “Every moment, Lord, we need the merit of thy death.” The blood of Jesus Christ is all I have, and all I want. If the Lord see good to raise me up and give me strength, I shall feel it my duty to do all I can for the good of souls and his glory ; at present I can do nothing ; I never felt so weak in my life, but I am in good hands.

Whatever I may do I shall bring to you for inspection. You may tell my brother, that if it should be the case that I rally, I shall want pens and paper, and have no money.—But I am going too fast; this is premature. I never saw the world so little, nor religion so great as I do this moment ; I am daily trying to make the same use of the promises that our heavenly father has given in his blessed word, as lame men make of their crutches, and lads of their stilts,—they

will bear all their weight, but they must have hold of them ; so the promises must be grasped by faith, otherwise they will not hold us up.

Weeks have passed away since I have taken hold of a pen ; I have been very poorly indeed ; I have now taken it up again, and make this record—

“ Through my short life my place shall be
Close to thy bleeding feet,
This all my hope and all my plea,
Thy dying love was great.”

On this side of Abraham's bosom the foot of the cross is the safest place that a poor dying worm can fly to. I have now been thirteen weeks in the school of affliction : I have got such insight into the word of God as I never had before ; if it should please my Lord to open my mouth again, I shall give utterance to what I have learned, but he has no need of such a worm as I am. O, my brother ! do all the good you can while you live ; no man dies like a good man. I have many things to be thankful for,—a good house—a good God—and a good nurse : how it will go with me the Lord has not showed me.

I conclude with saying, "Thy will be done."
Pray for your unworthy friend and brother.
Love to brother B——, your good wife, and
friends.

Yours truly,

JAMES KIRBY.

Wintringham, Feb. 5th, 1852.

To Mr. TINDALL, Driffield.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

"Let there be light" was thy command,
Old sable night her reign resign'd ;
And sun, and moon, and stars were made,
In brilliant robes of light array'd,
And all in marshall'd order stood
Attentive to thy sovereign word.

At thy command their march began,
In mystic harmony they ran,
Diffusing light and life to all
The varied quarters of this ball ;

And to their work will still attend,
Till time and death shall have an end.

Let there be gospel light—command,
And round the globe may it extend;
Send forth a host of gospel stars,
As faithful to their charge as Mars;
Thy hand support them in their spheres,
In answer to thy people's prayers.

Cause them to shine with lustre bright
Through all the hemisphere of night,
And, as of old, the eastern star,
Led wondering magi from afar;
So may the heathen world be brought
To see the wonders thou hast wrought.

Be by those stars to Calv'ry led,
There to behold thy streaming blood,—
Blood that for all men did atone;
Of Jews and Gentiles, making one,—
One faith, one hope, one spirit pure,—
For heaven gives a title sure.

O! make these stars with lustre burn,
Till all to righteousness return,

And by those stars to heaven be led,—
For all their toils be these their meed,
And all around thy throne combine
To all eternity to shine.

HYMN.

Angelic harpers all attend,
Your heavenly theme awhile suspend,
And view your maker's love to man,
Engaged to bring him up again,
When he had broke the Adamic law,
And laid exposed to endless woe.

Justice pronounced eternal pain,
Mercy cried out restore again ;
Wisdom devised the saving plan,
And God himself became a man ;
Became a man, and liv'd on earth,
And then endured a painful death.

His death for all men did atone,
Opened a way unto the throne ;

Ambassadors by him are sent,
To bid the nations all repent,
And by entreaties soft and mild,
Persuade them to be reconciled.

Stupendous and amazing love !
That Deity should from above
Into our guilty world descend,
And for his foes become a friend ;
The offended judge to rebels call,
And offers pardon unto all.

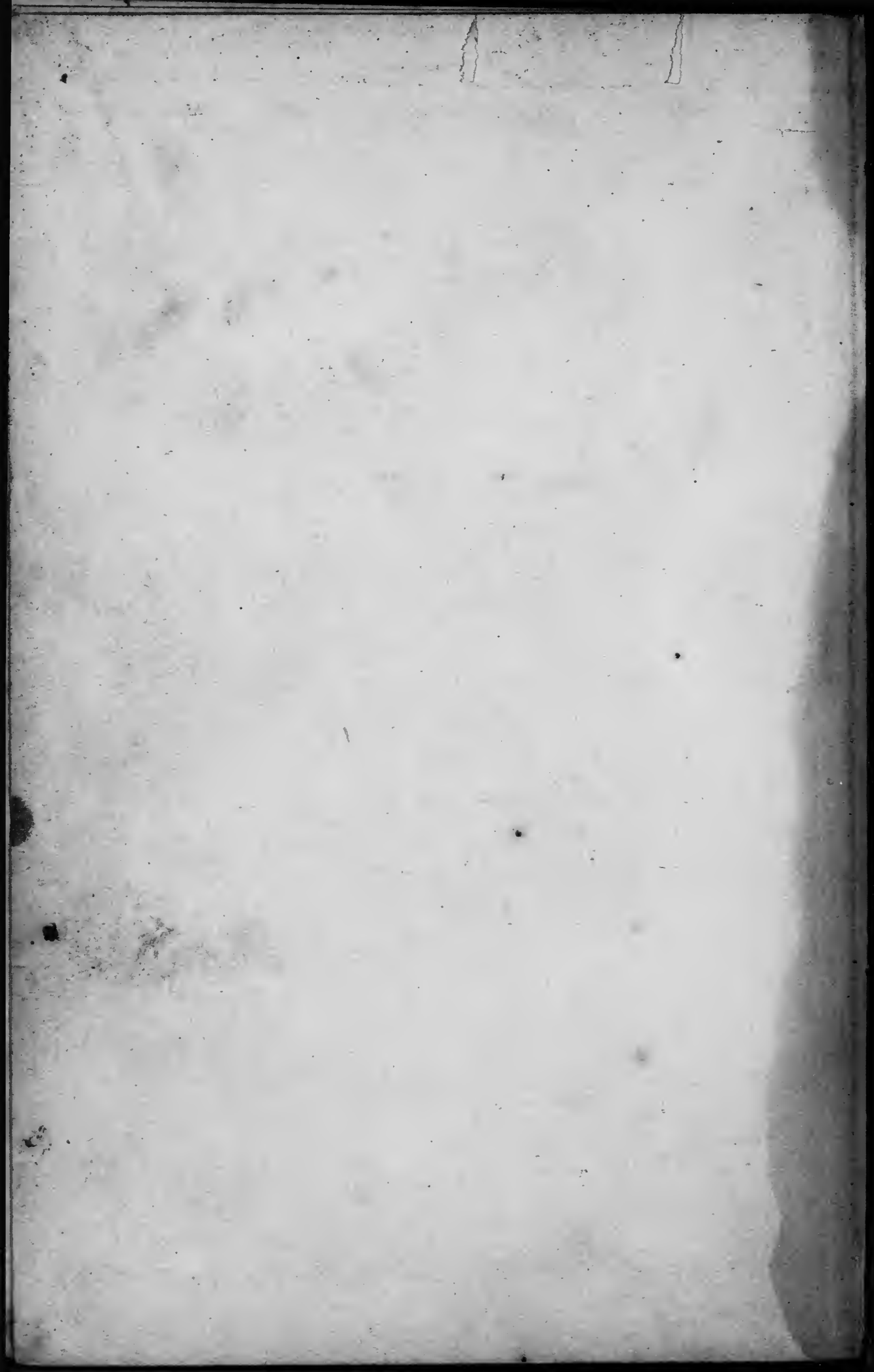
Ambassadors, extend your voice,
And bid the heathen world rejoice ;
Explain to them the God of love,
Bid them his saving mercy prove,
Their idols can't redeem their souls,
So throw them to the bats and moles.

Eternal Saviour, give thy word,
And let it through the world be heard ;
Ambassadors, who in thy stead,
Are call'd to take the living bread,
Accompany them in all their way,
And strength proportion to the day.

AN INSTANTANEOUS THOUGHT.

Now a-days, some people have given over supporting the Missionaries, on the supposition that they get so little of the money which is given. Weak Reason! Suppose I had a friend in prison that was dying for want of drink, and there was no way to give him any but through a pipe that wasted half of its contents before it reached him; would it be either kind or wise in me to withhold it?—No!





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